

## PEACE-- AT LAST

It was cold, bitter cold, and the fingers of the icy wind sliced themselves through the dirty brown of his clothing and deadened the flesh beneath. His mud-caked helmet, small protection from these fingers, half reflected, half suggested the cold stillness of a winter moon, as it moved from cloud to cloud and filtered its way downward to the still form below. Bitter cold! There was the sticky sucking of mud, as the form detached itself from the shadow of the shattered tree, and moved mud-weighted feet ponderously across the field, only the sucking breaking the quietness of his vigil.

Somewhere in the moonlit sky came quietly into being the insistent throb of an unseen plane. As he watched the sound, for he felt he could almost see it through the impenetrable night, he saw the searching beams of light scampering across the skies, painting little pictures on the clouds above or losing themselves in the infinity of darkness. In silent fascination he watched the little coral balls of anti-aircraft fire arch themselves up, up, and up into long strings of floating beads, which, climbing so high, spent their last energy in a little flick of white, and then disappeared. He wondered if they were cold, too.

The closer sound of moving cattle—one wondered how they stayed alive in this maelstrom of shot and bomb—caused him to move again, to clasp nervously at his weapon and strain his eyes to catch some movement of friend or enemy. And as he strained to pierce the unknown, the silence enveloped him once again leaving him



CHURCHYARD IN WURM, GERMANY.

—Photo by Maj. Ryther.

alone with his thoughts.

What was that the chaplain had said — "Peace on earth, good will toward men"? Funny, how a guy could find any peace on this world, through which one moved so cautiously, lest he move no more. Guess the chaplain hadn't been out here very long . . . and that other thing he'd said—something about living forever and "His peace." Seemed like the chaplain had a peace all his own, why, even that he thought he never was going to die, and him just having buried all those fellows two or three days back. Wonder if they had peace now.

He shivered as the nearby *crump* of incoming artillery fire shook the ground and lit up the shell-torn

trees nearby. They were at it again. A funny kind of peace, wasn't it?

How could anyone have peace out here in this darkness? He shifted his carbine, again raised one mud foot, only to let it sink slowly back into the muck. More searching fingers of light, more coral beads floating themselves into obscurity, more silence, and more cold.

From the direction of his own line, a light splash as the mud dropped from a raised foot into the puddle beneath and a silent shadow crossed the open field to approach him. The carbine swung into readiness, muscles tensed, eyes strained—one could never tell, you know. But the soft tap of knuckle on stock spoke the coming of a friend as the other form arrived and whispered a few moments, then moved on.



## God Above All

Judson A. Rudd, LL.D.....Editor-in-Chief  
Beatrice Batson.....Associate Editor  
Lloyd E. Fish.....Business Manager  
Paul Zimmerman.....Managing Editor  
Rebecca Peck.....Alumni Reporter  
Edward Miller.....Student Make-up Editor

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"The 'Old Man's' looking for trouble," was the message; "keep a sharp lookout." That was what his buddy had said. Peculiar sort of fellow, too, always reading his Bible, talking about Christ as though he actually belonged to Him. Even now, the last thing he had said was something about "Merry Christmas" and don't forget that Jesus saves. Sounded sort of like the chaplain just before they had come into position. "Don't forget, fellows; He wants to save you." And then something more about "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." Why, come to think of it, that's what Ma used to read so much when they gathered around the fireplace at night—if he wasn't out hanging around with the gang. Well, guess he wouldn't be needing that way for awhile yet. He'd got along this far, and the war had to stop sometime.

The thought was punctuated with the landing of an unusually close shell and the brilliance of its explosion. Pretty close, that one! Maybe he did . . . huh! he must be losing his nerve. Better get hold of himself before he took the chaplain's job away from him. Always had had faith in himself, and this was no place to lose it.

Faith? What was it, now, that funny kid had said? Something about faith in Christ, just believing in Him, trusting Him—He'd do the rest. Shucks, it must take more than that. Yet, the thief on the cross . . . guess there wasn't much he could do up there but trust.

His mind flitted from word to word as he recalled the chaplain, the buddy with his Bible, and the little circle around the fireplace back home. "Christ died to save sinners . . . dead in trespasses and sins . . . condemned already . . ." How could a fellow have peace, anyway? Must be getting soft, standing out there in the cold reciting Bible verses to him-

self. But they came again: "My peace I give unto you . . . Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Sorta foolish idea, wasn't it, thinking a dead man could help a fellow out like that. But the chaplain had said He could—and would. Why not try Him? Nothing else seemed to help.

Again his mind returned to the numbness of his feet and the sharp throbbing of freezing fingers. Wouldn't that relief ever come? And then, for awhile, nothing but silence, the cloud-seeking moon, a lazy searchlight wandering across the heavens, a distant flash of heatless light, and bitter cold.

The dull thud of lead against flesh, the nearby crack of a rifle shot, a sharp intake of breath, and the soft slithering sound of falling metal scraping against mud-filled cloth. Slowly, almost gracefully, the dark form relaxed into the mud beneath. Cold, searching fingers felt the warmth of ebbing life, as pain, newly arrived, crashed its way into the shock-dulled mind. Was this it? Was this death? Was this, at last, the peace he had been seeking? Was it the chaplain's voice, or was it the voice of the boy with the Bible that kept repeating in the distance, barely audible, yet insistently calling through the darkness, as though it would not be denied: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life . . . Believest thou this?" And silent lips slowly formed the reply, heard only by Him Who had asked the question: "Yes . . . I believe."

The still form was illuminated for a second by a bursting shell, the helmet pushed back, as though gently, from the upturned face, the weapon pressed deeper and deeper into the mud beneath. Fingers of light again thrust their inquisitive beams into the heavens, searching for the throbbing plane above; on the horizon little strings of coral beads stretched into the distance and disappeared, fireflies, sporting with the darkness; nearby flashes boldly outlined alike the skeleton of a tree and, in the mud, the form of one sleeping. It was cold—bitter cold. Yet, peace had come at last.

"True Prayer is God the Holy Spirit talking to God the Father in the Name of God the Son, and the Believer's heart is the prayer room."

—Dr. John McNeill.

## RECENT CAMPUS VISITORS

The following were recent campus visitors:

Rev. and Mrs. L. K. Starkweather, Montour Falls, New York; Miss Phyllis Taylor, Chattanooga; Carl Zytowski, ex '44, St. Louis, Missouri; Rev. and Mrs. Roy Austin, Chattanooga; Miss Eva Kranhouse, Louisville, Kentucky; Lt. Leonard Winstead, '43, en route to new station; Pfc. Murray Burns, Vandergrift, Pennsylvania; Sgt. Bruce Sutton, Ft. Meade, Maryland; Mrs. James Gleasure, Mr. and Mrs. William Carman and Bobby, and Miss Beulah Gleasure, all of Toronto, Ohio; Mrs. O. J. Otten and Miss Dorothy Otten, Vienna, Virginia; Miss Ann Bennett, Miss Pegé Hege, '44, and Miss Dorothy Bennet, ex '43, Washington, D. C.; Miss Beatrice Morgan, '45, Roselle Park, New Jersey; John Quimby, '45, Elyria, Ohio; Albert Wylie, '44, Waverly, Iowa; Lt. and Mrs. Eric Ingram and son, Lewis; also Lt. Ingram's mother, all of Germantown, Pennsylvania; and Chaplain William McKeefery, U. S. Navy, Mr. Mark Levengood, '42.

## THANKSGIVING AT BRYAN

Thanksgiving vacation was a time of rich blessing, as we were privileged to entertain the delegates of the Southeastern Regional Foreign Missions Fellowship Conference. Friday morning we met in the chapel for our Thanksgiving praise and prayer service, a precious time of rejoicing in the Lord.

A hike to the gulch which followed gave us genuine preparation for the evening meal. Dinner was enjoyed amid candle light, music, and fellowship. The autumn color scheme of gold and brown centered in overflowing cornucopias, which were on each table. Concealed in a nut shell at each place was a Scripture verse on the giving of thanks.

Rev. Robert Dawson brought the opening message of the conference, which was followed by a social hour in the recreation room.

Saturday, too, was a day full of blessings, with messages by William Walker, Albert Wylie, and Rev. Paul Roberts. Mr. Dawson showed colored slides of mission work in Mexico. A testimony meeting closed the evening's services.

The final message of the conference was brought by Mr. Dawson on Sunday morning.



# THE TRUMPET CALL

## Progress To Date



- I. GIDEON'S BAND—\$10.00 or More Each Month**
- |   |                                 |
|---|---------------------------------|
| 1. A Friend of Bryan                                | 6. D. W. Ryther                 |
| 2. F. E. Robinson                                   | 7. Prof. and Mrs. J. R. Shirley |
| 3. Calvary Baptist Church<br>(D. B. Eastep, Pastor) | 8. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd E. Fish   |
| 4. H. H. Rhule                                      | 9. Roy D. Hazlett               |
| 5. Judson A. Rudd                                   | 10. C. E. Hartschuh             |
|   | 11. A Friend                    |
- II. HOME-FRONT ARMY—\$1.00 or More Each Month**
- |                               |                                |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Paul Zimmerman             | 16. Lorraine Edenton           |
| 2. Miss Janet Webb            | 17. Elaine Christy             |
| 3. Mrs. Louise Garber         | 18. Miss Alma Rader            |
| 4. Paul D. Stock              | 19. Miss Beatrice Batson       |
| 5. Mrs. Ruth Morrow           | 20. Miss Betty Birch           |
| 6. Eskle Baker                | 21. Mr. and Mrs. Gene Stevens  |
| 7. Miss Esther Humberd        | 22. Jean Gulley                |
| 8. Miss Ann Wildern           | 23. Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Miller  |
| 9. Arne A. Ahlman             | 24. Ila Ruth Mahr              |
| 10. Prof. and Mrs. N. Uphouse | 25. Nellie T. Hann             |
| 11. Miss Rebecca Peck         | 26. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Platt |
| 12. Miss Jean Pulkun          | 27. Mrs. J. Goodrich           |
| 13. Miss LaVerne Howland      | 28. Mrs. E. B. Arnold          |
| 14. Mrs. Geo. S. Birch        | 29. Florence Monck             |
| 15. A Student                 | 30. Helen Gow                  |

Total to date of regular gifts each month.....\$273.00

## THIS IS OUR NEED!!!

1. A GIDEON'S BAND—Three Hundred Brave Leaders of Faith		Goal	Progress
Goal		June 1, 1948	to Date
20 who will give \$25.00 per month, or MORE	10		3
40 who will give \$20.00 per month	20		0
80 who will give \$15.00 per month	40		0
160 who will give \$10.00 per month	80		8

  

2. A HOME FRONT ARMY—Thirty-three Hundred Strong		Goal	Progress
Goal		June 1, 1946	to Date
300 who will give \$5.00 per month	150		9
1,000 who will give \$2.00 per month	500		8
2,000 who will give \$1.00 per month	1,000		13

Last month we indicated that our hope here at Bryan was to get REGULAR helpers. Perhaps YOU thought we were only interested in getting BIG gifts. NO! That's not it.

Let everyone give as the Lord has prospered him. That is REGULAR giving. Will you begin today?

## FIRST RECITAL GIVEN

The expectant hum of low voices filled the Chapel on the evening of November sixteenth as members of the Bryan Family and friends awaited the opening of the curtain on the first musicale of the school year.

With the heart-thrilling strains of "America," the program began, after which all bowed in a prayer of thanksgiving to God for His love to us and our blessed America.

The rendition of sacred and classical numbers which followed was pleasing to every listener, an excellent display of the type of service God desires of His servants—their very best.

## MIRACLE BOOK CLUB BANQUET

On Tuesday evening, November 20, the local chapter of the Miracle Book Club held a banquet at the Hotel Aqua in Dayton. It was the privilege of the club to have as speaker Mrs. E. M. McClusky, founder and national director of this organization for high school young people. The entire evening's activities were centered around the thought of "Bravery" with Mrs. McClusky's message, in which she used the goals of the organization; namely, finding our safety in Christ, realizing that Christ lives in us and that through Him we can be "more than conquerors," and that we should be conversationalists for Him.

## LET'S GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE FACULTY

"Music," said Longfellow, "is the universal language of mankind."

The college curriculum at Bryan University has been planned



to give the rightful place to this "universal expression of the soul" through the development of musical talent among the students. One of the most effective means of giving a gospel testimony and of making the school known has been through the ministry of the Gospel Singers who have traveled in many states.

This year the work of the Music Department is being directed by Professor Paul Stock, with the assistance of his sister, Mrs. Ruth Morrow.

Professor Stock attended the Geneva College in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, and graduated from the Music Conservatory of Chicago. Under the teaching of Dr. Sametini and Victor Kuzdo he received advanced violin training at Chicago Musical College. Before coming to Bryan, Professor Stock and his sister worked together as they taught music in the high school in Toronto, Ohio, where he was also instructor in instrumental music. They were later on the faculty of the Kingswood Bible College in Springfield, Virginia, and also at the same school in its new location at Tate Springs, Tennessee, after an intervening term of service in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Morrow received specialized training in piano and musical instruction at the Music Conservatory of Chicago and also studied at the



Chicago Musical College with private study under Boguslawski and Rudolph Ganz. In her course of instruction in piano this year at Bryan, Mrs. Morrow is giving individual lessons

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# "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given"

## CHILD EVANGELISM WORK

To reach and win the children for Christ is the primary motive of the Child Evangelism workers. Some fifteen classes held weekly by more than twenty students, meet in homes and schools near Dayton and reach both colored and white children.

By visiting in homes and making contacts in communities where there are children, a class is soon established. Teaching is done by means of flannelgraph, object lessons, and chalk talks. The children are also taught many choruses and Bible verses.

As a result of this work many young lives are won for the Lord. Our deepest gratitude goes to Him for what He has achieved through Child Evangelism Work.

## PLANT AND PROPERTY FUND REPORT

(November)

Balance (November 1st)	\$11,494.78
Building Fund Receipts:	
Nos. 54-67	213.45
5% of Gift Income	113.92
Total	\$11,822.15
Less expenditures	185.02
Balance on hand	\$11,637.13

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and also conducting a class for all the piano pupils to prepare them for public performance.

Under the supervision of Professor Stock and Mrs. Morrow, the Music Department has been very active in supplying special music for school functions and in presenting the students in an evening of recital. In the prospect of continuing to send out gospel teams during vacation weeks, students are being selected and trained with that service in view. Much praise has been given by appreciative hearers for the fine work of the music students, and our sincere thanks are given for the faithful service of our directors.

## NOTICE! CHURCH BULLETIN FURNISHED

To interested pastors who will dedicate a portion of one Lord's Day Service to Bryan University, and receive a free will offering for the University, we will furnish beautiful lithographed bulletins that are suitable for the occasion, free of charge. The center pages may be used to print or mimeograph your program for the day. Write Promotion Department, Bryan University, for full details.

## CHRISTMAS BANQUET

The most important and impressive event of the fall quarter took place on December tenth, when we gathered for our annual Christmas banquet. The vari-colored gowns of the ladies, the lovely music, the softness of candle-light—all these gave a dignity to the occasion which transformed our dining hall into a place of worship as well as of enjoyment.

Beautiful reflections met our eyes as many lights shone on the silver and blue ornaments decorating the long hall. A delicious turkey dinner was interspersed with group singing and special numbers by Mr. and Mrs. Victor Werner, of Chattanooga, and students of our own music department. The message of Dr. Lee Roberson, pastor of the Highland Park Baptist Church, Chattanooga, was deeply appreciated by all.

As we separated for the evening, the theme of the banquet, "If Christ Had Not Come," lingered in our memories.

## DO YOU KNOW THE NEWS?

One day Alfred Lord Tennyson asked a lady if she knew the news. She replied, "Christ Jesus died to save sinners." Lord Tennyson said, "That is old news, new news, and good news."

—Essex.

## Sam's Summary

Dear Folks:

Whe-e-e! As I watched the income during the month, I thought sure I was going to reach the goal post for the first time this year—but no, I'm still just a little more than \$200.00 short.

Say, maybe you didn't know that my job each month is to reach the \$2,500.00 mark! And will you look at my past failures? Do you 'spose there's any way I could do something to make up that deficiency? Hmmm, a Christmas present, d'd you say? And would I ever appreciate that!

Merry Christmas to you and thanks for everything.

Sincerely,

*Sam*

Bryan University

